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## The Brussels Company.

THE performances at Drury Lane Theatre have attracted considerable attention among the amateurs of French opera in London. The Belgian *troupe* is very complete, and combines many admirable artists. The chorus is strong and efficient, the band numerous and effective, and the director, M. Hanssens, displays his accustomed peculiarities. Since their arrival in London, the company have given two representations of the *Huguenots*, two of *Robert le Diable*, one of the *Postillon de Lonjumeau* and one of *Les Diamans de la Couronne*—besides *Le Chalet*, and *Le Rossignol*, one act operas. The greatest house of the season was attracted by the first performance of *Robert le Diable*, on which occasion the theatre was crowded in every part. The *troupe* combines the old favorites, M. and Made. Laborde, M. Zelger, Madlle. Charton, M. Delannoy, Made. Julien, &c., with the addition of three new artists, M. Boulou, second tenor; M. Barielle, second bass; and M. Massol, principal barytone. The brilliant vocal qualities of Made. Laborde are as effective and in as good condition as ever—her acting, though it wants vigor and warmth, is graceful and agreeable. Made. Julien is an artist whose enthusiasm occasionally leads her into exaggeration, but both her acting and singing are so truthful and impassioned, and so invariably in conformity with the sentiment of the scene, that she is always listened to with pleasure. M. Laborde is full of ardor, has a powerful voice, and enters zealously into all he does—but we cannot eulogize the general style of his vocalization, which indulges too continually in vociferating and forcing the voice; his acting is also remarkable for energy not always well placed, and for a violence of gesture that borrows nothing from grace, and is ill fitted to heroes of chivalry and drawing-room gentlemen. M. Zelger has a voice, which, with cultivation, might be made to effect great things—his acting also is characterized by a kind of wild energy, which might be matured by study into something picturesque and imposing; but in singing his intonation is uncertain, and in acting his meaning is not always evident—there is too much of the *Bombastes Furioso* about it. *Bombastes Furioso* is invariably in convulsions, and M. Zelger over-acts, over-sings, over-dresses, and over-colors every thing, so much, that the comparison is inevitable. Moreover, there is a mannerism about his impersonations, which is not the mannerism of style, for M. Zelger has no style, but of color. For instance, his Marcel, in the *Huguenots*, and his Bertram, in *Robert le Diable*, though they should be represented as very different characters, are, in M. Zelger's hands, precisely the same thing. Nevertheless, M. Zelger is an artist of merit, and of great use to the Belgian Company. M. Barrielle, and M. Boulou, are unpretending but very efficient artists, capable of replacing the first bass, and the first tenor, without making the change

too remarkable. This is an immense advantage to the *troupe*, the value of which has more than once been felt during the present season. Madlle. Charton, though very young, is a sensible and graceful actress, and an exceedingly effective singer. Her voice is not over-powerful, but it is a sweet and pure *soprano*, of wide compass and delicious quality; time, moreover, and practice, will do much to strengthen it. Madlle. Charton is capable of replacing either Mad. Laborde or Mad. Julien, effectively, which she has shown already in *Robert le Diable*, having played Alice and Isabelle during the present season, making a very favourable impression in both parts. The part of Alice she played for the first time, undertaking it in the afternoon of the day on which *Robert* was first performed. The first-rate style in which she accomplished it indicated a quickness and a musical facility perfectly astonishing in so young an artist. Be it understood, also, that Madlle. Charton is a very pretty and attractive person—and this by no means disinclines the public to appreciate her capabilities to the utmost. M. Delannoy, though he has no voice, and no pretensions as a singer beyond a never failing correctness—a quality, however, by no means to be overlooked—is an original humourist and an excellent comedian. His presence on the stage is always welcome, and the audience enter fully into his humour and enjoy his peculiarities. We have now only to speak of M. Massol, a late addition to the company, exported from the *Academie Royale de Musique* in Paris. This artist has acquired a very distinguished name, and from the slight means afforded us of judging him, in the small part of Count Nevers in the *Huguenots*, we are inclined to shake hands with rumour on his account, and rank him very high as a vocal and dramatic artist. To-night M. Massol appears in *Guillaume Tell*, one of his most famous parts. This will give us a favourable occasion to test his qualifications, and we have small doubt, from advices lately received, that he will triumphantly bear out all that report has predicated in his favour.

The band is not quite so efficient as it was last year. The conducting of M. Hanssens cannot be cited as the cause of this deterioration, since he was equally the conductor last year, and evinced the same habits in his office. Rather let us attribute it to the fact that the entire Belgian orchestral force is not in action, the places of fifteen performers being supplied by fifteen London artists unknown to fame. At least this reason was offered to us by an accomplished Belgian artist, on our reproaching him with the non-perfection of the orchestra as at present constituted. In the violins and tenors the deficiency is most disagreeably felt—the tendency to scramble being frequently manifested, to the utter discomfiture of such complex instrumentation as that of Meyerbeer in the *Huguenots*. In regard to the performances that have already taken place, we must confess to have received

from them a mixture of content and dissatisfaction. In the *operas comiques* our pleasure has been unequivocal; the resources and the peculiarities of the company are eminently calculated for the *buffo* style; band, chorus, and soloists, seem perfectly at home, and enter heart and soul into the spirit of the music, and the action of the scene; there is no restraint, no nervousness, no anxiety—but a general *aplomb*, which imparts the most satisfactory completeness to the execution. The *Postillon de Lonjumeau*, and the *Diamans de La Couronne*, were triumphant evidences of the company's efficiency in the sparkling effusions of the modern French school. Nothing, indeed, could have been better. The *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer was quite a different matter—a vain struggle with the elaborations of a score more than usually elaborate. As nothing can be more agreeable than the French *opera comique* of the present day, so nothing can be duller than those five act musical melo-dramas, which, by some foolish critics, are mistaken for the true *opera seria*, than which it is impossible to make a greater mistake. The puffing of a journal professedly inimical to the management of Her Majesty's Theatre, must by no means be taken as a criterion of the capabilities of the Brussels Company, which, by the way, has received deep injury from the mistaken means by which its interests have been advocated. The company has quite enough stuff in it to depend upon its own merits, without the aid of comparisons with other establishments, by the side of which it is preposterous to place it. Moreover its claims to popular notice in this country are greatly endangered by urging them in company with opprobrious epithets directed against English art and English artists. The Belgian artists are very clever and intelligent; but their being clever and intelligent is not enough to make them models for the consideration of the whole world of musicians. Like others that we could name, they have much to learn, and as much to unlearn. We candidly think that their resources are utterly wasted on the cumbersome five act monstrosities of the Parisian *Academie Royale*, which though they may win the approval of the critical fire-eaters, whose appreciation of an opera is regulated by its length and *tapage*, and of an artist by the arrangement of his *chevelure*, are not the less tiresome, vapid and unmeaning, and can only be compared to the master-pieces of Mozart, Beethoven, Gluck and Cherubini, by those who are incapable of comprehending them. The two or three brilliant exceptions to the general dullness of these operas, are not enough to rescue the school in which they are composed from condemnation. *Guillaume Tell* and *Robert le Diable* are works of genius, but Rossinis and Meyerbeers are scarce commodities, and even they run the risk of being dried up by such unwonted calls upon their invention. That school in which the complete development of a primitive idea is discarded for a rambling series of unconnected phrases, must be a bad one, since it outrages natural laws, and sets the principles of art, which are based upon them, at defiance. But we are throwing pearls before swine, in arguing with critics who have not enough intellect for the contemplation of nature, or enough depth to fathom the mysteries of science, or enough taste to estimate the excellencies of art. To them we can but apply the words of Solomon, who says in the "Proverbs,"—*Vir sapiens, si cum stulto contenderit, sive irascatur, sive rideat, non inveniet requiem*—which, in plain English, insinuates that if you argue with a fool, you will be at a loss for your pains. In comic opera the Belgians, like the French, are admirable; in serious opera, like the French, they degenerate into rant and fustian. Apart from these considerations, which are intended to be general, we hail the re-appearance among us of the Brussels Company as an occurrence likely to benefit

art, to offer many things worthy the consideration of our artists, and ultimately tend to the improvement of music in this country. That such a company as this, and such an *ensemble* as its efforts present, has not already long existed among us, is a reflection upon those in high places whose duty it is, and whose pleasure it should be, to encourage whatever is calculated to promote the civilization and happiness of the people—and how powerful an agent music might be made towards the attainment of so noble an end, is unnecessary to be insisted on by us.

The performances of the Brussels Company next week will comprise *Le Comte Ory* on Monday—*La Juive* on Wednesday—and *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine* on Friday.

### Carlotta Grisi.

(From our Dublin Correspondent.)

THE long-anticipated appearance of Carlotta Grisi at our Theatre Royal has at length taken place, under triumphant circumstances. On Saturday night, (16th inst.) the theatre was so densely crowded, that not even standing-room in any part of the house could be obtained a quarter of an hour after the doors were opened. The performances commenced with the comedietta of "*The Innkeeper's Bride*," after which, with the intervention of unusual delay, owing to the necessary preparations for the ballet, the curtain drew up upon the first scene of the *Diable à Quatre*, or, as we call it, *The Devil to Pay*. I need not trouble you with what you know already so well, but, leaving the plot of the ballet to the newspapers here, shall proceed to speak of the artists, and, above all, of Carlotta, who has been appropriately styled "*La Divina*," and whom Petrarca, were he now living, would be moved to apostrophize in his finest sonnet. The characters were thus distributed:—

Count Polinski . . . . .	M. Silvain,
Yvan . . . . .	M. Adrien,
Mazourki . . . . .	M. Berthier,
Dancing Master . . . . .	Mr. F. Cooke,
Countess Polinski . . . . .	Mlle. Louise,
The Countess's Maid . . . . .	Mlle. Adele,
MAZOURKA . . . . .	Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.

As I did not witness the representation of this ballet in London, either with Flora Fabbri or Carlotta Grisi, it came to me, therefore, quite as a novelty; and, allowing for several imperfections, inevitable, considering the short time which has been consumed in preparing it, and the comparatively limited resources of our theatre, I was much pleased, and not at all disappointed. The entrance of Carlotta Grisi on the scene was hailed by plaudits loud and long-continued. Nothing was ever better formed to enchant the eye than the personal appearance of this charming creature. Living here, out of the world, so to speak, I had never seen her before, and the eloquent apostrophes to her talents and graces that have from time to time proceeded from your pen, had excited my curiosity to an extraordinary degree; but, implicitly as I confide in your taste, and your appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in art, I must confess that the reality outwent my expectations. Carlotta is, indeed, *divine*—the exquisite symmetry of her form, the spiritual vivacity of her look, the delicate contour of her *tete mignonne*, are all made to excite the genius of a painter, though no picture could give a just idea of the living and breathing reality. And then what a foot! a foot to write a poem on—an incomparable foot! The audience seemed to share my opinion, for, for several minutes there was a buzz of audible admiration, raised by the fascinating appearance of the fair vision that now, for the first time, floated before their enraptured gaze. As the action progressed, and as the beautiful Mazourka, who prefers dancing to basket-making (you and your readers know the story)

leaped and bounded in the exultation of her buoyant spirits—scorning the ground as the sky-lark in its flight—or sailing along like a ship impelled by the soft breeze of the south—or darting swiftly across the scene, “drinking the wind of her own speed,” like the hours in Shelley’s *Prometheus*—or standing motionless like the lily when no breeze is nigh—or bending gracefully earthward like the love-lorn willow, that would fain touch the soil which nourisheth it and reward it with a kiss—or these, or a hundred other nameless graces of motion or of rest, for in motion or in rest doth grace make equally Carlotta’s form its tenement—the excitement of the spectator gradually increased, till finally it vented itself in a burst of unfettered delight, repeated again and again, till echo awoke, and in a voice of distant thunder, mimicked the enthusiasm of the crowd. Throughout the entire progress of the ballet the manifestations of content were equally boisterous, and at the end the incomparable Carlotta was forced to re-appear before the curtain to receive another half dozen good honest rounds of Irish plaudits. Never was a greater sensation made in Dublin. Carlotta is engaged for four more performances, the first of which takes place to night. The effect she has produced among our amateurs is wonderful—she is the reigning toast at every convivial meeting—the health of the beautiful Carlotta, *la Reine de la Danse* is a *sine qua non* at every festive-board. I send you *Sanders News Letter* of to-day, from which you will learn further particulars about Carlotta, and the excellent artists who assisted her. By the way, allow me to congratulate you on the brilliant triumphs in London of your favorite pianist, Madame Pleyel, your glowing accounts of which I have read with the more pleasure, since experience has taught me they were not exaggerated—you have not forgotten that Dublin first appreciated her, and that your humble servant wrote the account of her first triumph, at the concerts of the Dublin Philharmonic last May. I flatter myself, knowing your predilection for Carlotta Grisi, that the present letter, poor as it is, will not be unwelcome to you. At all events I entrust it to the post, and if you do not like it, you have *Sanders’* to cull the news from. If however, you insert it, you may expect the infliction of another, as I shall attend every one of Carlotta’s performances. In the meantime, I remain your faithful servant—D. W. G.

Monday, July 20.

### Dramatic Intelligence.

**FRENCH PLAYS.—LE CID—ANDROMAQUE.**—The first act of the *Cid* is a mere preparation of the action of the piece—his marriage with *Chimène* is announced, the quarrel between the two fathers takes place, and *Don Diègue*, smarting under the blow he has received from *Don Gomès*, entrusts to his son *Don Rodrigue* the expiation of his offended honour. In the second act we have the challenge of the young *Cid* conveyed in terms such as we should have fancied *Bayard* himself, “*le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*,” would have used on a similar occasion, so modest, so unassuming, so courteous withal. We cannot refrain from making a few extracts, not that they struck us so forcibly in the acting—alas! we cannot expect a *Talma* with a *Rachel*, we are quite grateful for the latter. Her brother is a careful actor; he never reaches the sublime, it is true, but on the other hand, he never borders on the ridiculous—yet the sacred fire is wanting without which nothing great or sublime can be attained. The *Cid* addresses the *Count*, he recapitulates his father’s virtues, recalls the insult inflicted upon him, and demands satisfaction as the son of a Castilian noble should do.

“Parle sans t’émouvoir,  
Je suis jeune il est vrai; mais aux âmes bien nées  
La valeur n’attend point le nombre des années.”

The *Count* has pity on his youth, but *Don Rodrigue*, although candidly acknowledging the superior valour of his enemy, says,

“J’attaque en téméraire un bras toujours vainqueur;  
Mais j’aurai trop de force, ayant assez de cœur.  
A qui venge son père, il n’est rien d’impossible.  
Ton bras est vaincu, mais non pas invincible.”

courteously perseveres in his resolution, and fixes the *Count’s* indecision by exclaiming “*As-tu peur de mourir?*” The two enemies retire together to decide their quarrel, and here we must admire the author’s tact in withdrawing such a scene from the public gaze; we have high authority for duels on the stage, they certainly have an attraction for the frequenters of *Greenwich* and *Bartholemew fair*, and the gallery may applaud to the echo the hearty good will of the actors who go to it tooth and nail; yet we prefer the plan of our venerable *Pierre Corneille*, who was not writing a show piece, but a work of art, who depended on the intrinsic worth of his production, and not on the meretricious talent of the fencing master. In short, he would not risk the change of the gentlemen making themselves supremely ridiculous by a display of their fencing science or their complete ignorance of the noble art of self-defence. In the third scene of the second act, *Chimène*, (*Mademoiselle Rachel*) is informed of the quarrel which threatens to destroy her long-cherished dreams of happiness. She loves her father and she adores her lover, her mind is agitated, she fears the consequences of the meeting, and when she hears that the two have left the palace together, she exclaims: “*Bon Dieu! Je tremble.*” This was given with an earnestness which prepares us for her despair on learning the fatal result of the duel; she now demands vengeance on him who has murdered the author of her days, her love is forgotten for a moment in the anguish she feels for the loss of her father. This scene was admirably conceived and portrayed by the inimitable actress; her grief was sincere, heartfelt and profound: her cries for vengeance on the murderer were earnest and energetic, and caused a thrill of horror in the spectators. This exaltation does not last; she reverts again to the destroyer of her peace, but there is less of bitterness in her wailings, she still loves him.

“Par où sera jamais ma douleur apaisé  
Si je ne puis hair la main qui l’a causée  
Et que dois-je espérer qu’un tourment éternel,  
Si je poursuis un crime, aimant le criminel!”

The remainder of this scene was given with a tenderness of feeling which we had not hoped to find in *Mademoiselle Rachel*; the combat was admirably portrayed between her grief and her love, and she resolves at last to combine both by following out the vengeance dictated by duty, and die.

“Pour conserver ma gloire et finir mon ennui  
Le poursuivre, le perdre et mourir avec lui.”

The following scene was sublime, no extract can give an idea of her horror on seeing her father’s murderer, her gradual relenting at the voice of her lover, the tenderness she throws into the words: “*Va, je ne te hais point*”—*Rodrigue*: “*Tu le dois*”—“*Je ne puis.*” She now considers her vengeance a duty. *Don Rodrigue* has received from the King the title of *Cid*. She still resolves to pursue her father’s murderer, but fears to succeed against her lover; she goes a step further and encourages him in the signal combat against *Don Sanche*, and when the latter deposes his sword at her feet, mistaking the issue of the battle, she loads him with reproaches; she is, however, soon undeceived, and eventually utters the pardon which had ever dwelt in her heart. In this tragedy there

are none of those scenes of violence and despair which alternately affect and horrify the spectator: but the tenderness, filial piety, and love superior to filial piety with which it abounds, found a worthy interpretress in Mademoiselle Rachel and developed another trait in her admirable creations, one which we were scarcely prepared to expect. On Monday *Andromaque*, by Racine, was performed to a crowded house, every seat was occupied long before the tragedy commenced, and all were on the tiptoe of expectation to see Mademoiselle Rachel in what is generally considered her best part. As to ourselves we are not prepared to give any decision on the matter. In intensity of feeling, in the alternate pangs of love and jealousy, in the development of those passionate workings of the mind which madden the soul and disturb the brain, she certainly stands unrivalled, and these are to be found in *Andromaque*. But again, there are other feelings to which the mind reverts with fond complacency and dwells upon with pleasure, which stand forth as some Oasis in the desert and inspire sentiments of joy and serenity, and these, too, Madlle. Rachel can embody and present to us in all their freshness and purity, as in *Camille* and *Chimène*, so that we dare not decide which is her best character, when all are perfection. It would be useless to enter into the details of a piece with which all our readers are doubtless intimately acquainted, we shall merely state that this is also an imitation of Euripides, with the difference, that in the Greek tragedy *Andromache* trembles for the life of a son (Molossus) whom she had by Pyrrhus, and whom Hermione threatens to involve in the same fate as his mother. We shall endeavour to weigh as lightly as possible on the other actors of the tragedy, although we must lament that the part of *Orestes* was not in better hands. We have his furor, certainly, and very furious Monsieur Marius was, and we wished him, more than once, seated on the ruins of Carthage—and as to his love and murder of Pyrrhus, as Virgil has it:

"Ast illum, ereptæ magno inflammatus amore  
Conjugis, et scelerum furis agitatus, Orestes  
Excipit incautum, patriasque obtruncat ad aras."

Monsieur Marius murdered every body in the house, and murder was echoed and re-echoed on all sides around us. We must, therefore, pass over the long confabulation between him and the worthy Pylades, we wish they were both in heaven, and, indeed, the whole of the first act, which is magnificently written, but was indifferently acted, and drop into the first scene of the second act. *Hermione* in vain attempts to hate *Pyrrhus*, who neglects her to bestow his affections on the widow of *Hector*, in vain she says—

"Aux yeux de tous les Grecs rendons-le criminel  
J'ai déjà sur le fils attiré leur colère:  
Je veux qu'on vienne encor lui demander la mère.  
Rendons lui les tourmens qu'elle me fait souffrir;  
Qu'elle le perde, ou bien qu'il la fasse périr."

She lingers in Epirus, and still hopes that her lover will return to her. She attempts to deceive herself by endeavouring to return the love of *Orestes*: "Vous, que j'ai plaint, enfin que je voudrais aimer." How admirably the actress gives this scene, in which she endeavours to make an ally of the son of *Agamemnon*; how rapid the transition to joy which she attempts in vain to restrain when she learns that *Pyrrhus* will fulfil his engagement; how triumphantly she exclaims—

"Qui l'eût cru que Pyrrhus ne fût pas infidèle?  
Que sa flamme attendrait si tard pour éclater?  
Qu'il reviendrait à moi quand je l'allais quitter?"

And again, how electrical was her delivery of the passage—

"Tu crois que Pyrrhus craint? El que craint-il encor?"

Non, Cleone, il n'est point ennemi de lui-même:  
Il veut tout ce qu'il fait, et, s'il m'épouse, il m'aime."

In the midst of the pride and delight which the return of *Pyrrhus* has excited in her heart, *Andromaque*, her rival, enters as a supplicant. The transition to bitter irony was admirable—

"S'il faut fléchir Pyrrhus, qui le peut mieux que vous?"

But the triumph of the actress is when she excites *Orestes* to serve her vengeance—the furies agitate her, she exclaims—

"Mais si vous me vengez, vengez moi dans une heure  
Tous vos retardemens sont pour moi des refus.  
Courez au temple. Il faut immoler—?"

"... Qui?"

"... Pyrrhus. —"

The vengeance of unrequited love, the madness of despair and jealousy, the unrestrained hatred of him who had tampered with her affections were here faithfully depicted and thrillingly powerful. The effect was stupendous. In her succeeding interview, the still hopes, how supplicatingly tender, the tones of her voice when she says:

"Je ne t'ai point aimé, cruel! Qu'ai-ze donc fait?  
J'ai dédaigné pour toi les vœux de tous nos princes:  
Tet'ai cherché moi-même au fond de tes provinces,  
J'y suis encor, malgré tes infidélités."

Te t'aimais inconstant, qu'aurais-je fait fidèle?"

Her last hope is now destroyed, but not so her love, and it again bursts forth on her learning from *Orestes* the fate of *Pyrrhus*, how ironically bitter was her reception of the assassin when he boasts of the deed:

"Tais toi, perfide.  
Et n'impute qu'à toi ton lâche parricide.  
Va faire chez les Grecs admirer ta fureur.  
Va, je la désavoue, et tu me fais horreur."

No words can convey an idea of the effect produced by this magnificent passage, we should repeat ourselves again and again in the vain attempt. And here the play had better have ended surely, for *Orestes* got so extravagantly outrageous that whilst others laughed, we stopped our ears, and at last, fairly rushed out of the theatre in despair. Madlle. Martelleur did her part quietly and well, and received unequivocal marks of approbation. J. DE C—.

HAYMARKET.—A new operetta was produced on Tuesday the 14th, called *The Wonderful Water Cure*. The drama has been cleverly translated from the French by Mr. Webster; the music by M. Grisar, a composer of romances, has been ably adapted to the English stage by Mr. T. G. Reed. The plot involves the rivalry of two charlatans, who profess to achieve extraordinary cures by means of simples. Tartaglia (Mr. Paul Bedford) is a doctor by profession, his rival, Belloni (Mr. Hudson) a strolling player. The latter is enamoured of Argentine (Madame Thillon), the ward of Tartaglia, who himself, however, aspires to the hand of his fair protégée. By a scheme, to which Argentine is a party, Belloni gains his point, and wins the lady. Affecting sudden illness, he comes to Tartaglia, persuades him that he is about to die, and consults him about making his will, declaring his intention to leave all his property, value 30,000 crowns, to Argentine. The quack doctor having made up his mind to obtain the hand of Argentine, is desirous of possessing the promised bequeathal as well, but Belloni, in the pangs of death, has no time to make a will. There remains but one expedient, that of marrying Argentine to his dying rival, and thereby securing her the property, which, by consequence, will eventually become his own. The proposition is accepted, the Podesta (Mr. Bland) arrives, and accomplishes the ceremony. At this juncture, Belloni, seem-

ingly in great agony, asks for something to relieve his sufferings—upon which Tartaglia brings a jug of his *eau merveilleuse*, recommending Belloni to taste it, little doubting of the result. Belloni drinks, and to the surprise of all but Argentine, immediately recovers. The trick, too late, is manifest—the position, inevitable, must be accepted by Tartaglia, who, unable to do anything better, establishes the miraculous properties of his water at the expense of losing his ward and the 30,000 crowns. These incidents are made the vehicle of a good deal of fun and animation, and of some pretty, light, sparkling music, by M. Grisar, out of the mass of which may be singled an air deliciously sung by Madame Thillon, a *tarantella*, pretty if not original, and a trio for Madame Thillon, Hudson, and Bedford, as matters at least agreeable and facile. Bedford and Hudson were humorous and effective in their singing. Bland, as the Podesta, had little to do, but effected that little well. The chief interest, both vocal and histrionic, of the operetta fell upon the shoulders of the charming Anna Thillon, who acted, sang, and looked to absolute perfection, evincing an inexhaustible fund of archness and true comedy, and a wonderful facility of vocalising, expressive or brilliant, according to the action of the scene. She was never in better humor, never more *agacante* and effective. The applause of the audience was incessant, and the brilliant songstress was forced to appear, with her colleagues, at the fall of the curtain, and sustain the burden of an unusual shower of *bouquets*. The success of the operetta was complete, and is likely to bear out its repute in Paris, where Madame Thillon played in it for no less than 300 nights in succession. The house was very crowded. We are satisfied that if the intelligent and spirited lessee of the Haymarket could persuade Madame Thillon to accept a permanent engagement at the Haymarket, it would be a great card for the theatre. Her immense popularity with the English public, united to those accomplishments, personal and artistic, which render the *ensemble* of her performances so inimitable, would be a never-failing attraction. Madame Thillon is equally admirable as an actress and as a dramatic singer; and moreover, the pieces in which she plays are precisely of a character suited to the resources of the Haymarket theatre—the musical department of which, though limited, is so effectively managed by Mr. T. G. Reed, the director of the orchestra, one of our best native musicians.

### John Sebastian Bach.

(Continued from our last.)

"Why not his body and soul?" "A curious question! Do you think it sufficient to put the fingers on the notes, and the feet on the pedals, in order to attain to such effects? Besides, John Sebastian had not composed that piece; in spite of all his genius, he never could have executed it in that way without the help of his blessed patron, who is in heaven!" Meantime, the mass ended, and whilst the strangers were still praying, all the townspeople assembled at the foot of the stairs leading to the organ, awaiting with great impatience the untavelling of this great mystery. At last, long after the last sounds of the organ had been heard, the door opened, and a young man came out holding a music-book under his arm; he had long fair hair, which fell in disorder over his neck; his face was thin and pale, but handsome, and, by its expression of serene sadness, recalled the type which tradition has preserved to us of the head of Christ. When he reached the bottom of the stairs, all this multitude was seized with a panic, and opened a passage for him; he, taking

no heed of what surrounded him, passed through the crowd, and would have quitted the church without saying a word to any one, if he had not recognised near the holy water the round and jovial face of Master Martin Wilprecht. "Sir," said the young organist to him, "it was you who, three months ago, asked my opinion of a motett in C minor; I thought I could not answer you better than by executing it to you exactly in the style of the great master who composed it. Perhaps you thought that I hurried the movement a little in the last bars, but Dieterisch wills it so. Take back this motett, I hope you will not bear me any ill-will; for if I have kept it so long, it was in order to return it to you annotated by the master's hand; and to an amateur like you, the delight of possessing such a treasure in his library could not be paid for too dearly." John Sebastian had reason to remember the festival of Easter all his life, for the day of the Saviour's Resurrection was also that on which his genius appeared to Germany in all his glory. From this moment the young artist existed for the world, and free cities and princes were about to struggle for him. Two months had hardly elapsed before he received from all parts offers of situations as organist; for those who had heard him at Arnstadt praised his genius and talent so highly, that all the churches were in commotion, and desired to know what this sun was whose rays darted such distant splendour. In 1707, the place of organist in the Church of St. Blasius at Mulhausen was offered to him. He accepted it. The inhabitants of Arnstadt, in despair at his departure, came to propose to double his salary, if he would consent to remain among them. Sebastian replied that his tastes were too simple for money ever to influence his resolution, and he still felt too much the want of travelling and of instruction to think seriously of settling in any town; "but I shall always think of the one which has received me so well in my obscurity, and shall remember it all my life like a second mother." The adieus were touching on both sides; and the inhabitants seeing it was useless to press any further, prepared to accompany him to the gates. It was a great day for the artist of twenty, when all the inhabitants of Arnstadt assembled on his passage to prove to him their admiration of his talents and their sympathy for himself. From an early hour of the morning, the city was astir; and such was the crowd assembled in certain streets, that a stranger who had no doubt arrived the day before, weary with endeavouring to force his way through the groups, asked what saint's day they were celebrating. "Oh!" replied a man of the people "it is Saint John Sebastian. You do not know him, perhaps; but although he is not in the calendar, he, nevertheless, has a place in our hearts by the side of the patron of the city." Unless the bells had been rung and incense burned before him, we do not know what greater honours could have been paid him. The notables walked by his side, the people pressed towards him as if they wanted to hear him, and the beautiful girls, leaving the spinning-wheel, went down with their mothers to contemplate for the last time the celestial musician of the festival of Easter. Some sang his cantatas—others (those whose memory was slower at retaining music) proclaimed aloud how many poor families he had relieved. When they had reached the gates of the town, Sebastian, moved to tears, renewed his adieus to those who surrounded him; and when the carriage which carried him away drove off, shouts of affection and blessings accompanied him to a great distance, and the young girls promised him to pray to the Virgin for him and for his children. Happy is the artist whom an entire population accompanies in this manner, and launches with such adieus upon the highroad of life! The life of John Sebastian, like that of almost all

great artists, is divided into two parts,—the one of scholastic labours, the other of pure creation. In the first, which extended from his earliest years up to his triumph at Arnstadt, he was entirely occupied with what had been written before him, and made himself master of his art; he exercised his fingers night and day, and broke them into every difficulty; he examined thoroughly the mysteries of counterpoint and of the keys. In the second he no longer studied, he composed; but he was yet far from attaining perfection; and his music, at times original, still belonged to the ancient German School. John Sebastian, like the young Raphael, preserved for a long while somewhat of the aridity of his masters; and those two artists, before revealing themselves to the world, needed fresh air and solitary contemplation. John Sebastian, exhausted by all sorts of scholastic studies, began to read in the book of nature; that book which, according to the fine expression of St. Martin, is written by the hand of God himself, and is always open in order that man may learn all at once and without the help of revelation. Besides this book, from which he drew unceasingly, Sebastian had two others also marked with the finger of God—the Bible and Gospel. He loved to plunge into those rivers of eternal poetry; he loved to compare the magnificence of those august works, to vary his inspiration; sometimes he accompanied, with immense orchestras and tumultuous voices, the Spirit of God borne on the waters; sometimes he dreamed with love of the concerts of praise which must have burst from the crowd when Jesus appeared, surrounded by his disciples. In the evening, when he was alone, he improvised; and if you could have penetrated into his room, you might, perhaps, also have seen the *Commedia Divina* on his harpsichord. At the time he was writing his admirable oratorio of the Passions, after the hours of study he came and stood immovable opposite a picture by Durer, in order to examine how a great artist had formerly painted what he now sang. Others have numerous families,—a mother who nurses them and brings them up, fair-haired sisters who come to embrace them in the morning; but he, alone on earth—he had but his organ and his inspiration; and too young yet to marry, too loving to exist without a family, he had created himself one while waiting for the day when his old stem should reblossom in him. The church was the mother to whom he devoted his existence; he belonged by right to her who had welcomed him in his poverty. The church was at once his home and his universe; there were his studies, there his thoughtful walks under the great trees of granite, there his hours of repose during the evening prayers. And the more he advanced in life, the more he rejoiced to inhabit this world of peace and beatitude. What attractions, indeed, could the earth and its cold and mean passions have for a soul like his, chaste and pure, and filled with the great love of art? "The kingdom of the senses," he said, "is barren; it has soon displayed its pleasures and pains; the comedy is soon ended, and then recomences. The kingdom of the mind, on the contrary, is inexhaustible, like that of nature; and since I inhabit it, no day passes in which I do not discover some new harmony, some mystic ray which concealed itself in the grass like an invisible insect." Handel's master, the organist Zaschau, died; Sebastian, celebrated all over Germany, was nominated to succeed him. He went to Halle, executed his fugue of reception; and departed instantly for Weimar, leaving the situation to Zaschau's most distinguished pupil. He had been two months at Weimar when he received a letter from Prince Leopold of Gotha, who invited him to come to him with the title of chapel-master. Sebastian accepted, and remained six years in that capacity. Leopold, an erudite amateur, and passionately fond of music,

had taken an affection for the genius of Sebastian, by simply playing his compositions; as soon as he saw him he loved him for himself; and the organist soon became an indispensable confidant to the prince. The chapel-master inhabited the palace, and came every day to sit at table with Leopold, who consulted him on the affairs of the administration and on politics. This ducal friendship, however honouring to the young artist, ended by becoming importunate to him; and very often, in the open air, whilst all envied the fortunate musician who passed by in so grand an equipage, he, dreamy and careworn, was tempted to say to Leopold, "Let some one of these fine courtiers get in, he will do you far more credit in the carriage than I do, and I will profit by my leisure to go and write a sonata." How many times must he have bitterly regretted his modest and retired little room at Arnstadt, and his long days which were spent in solitude and labour! Here, no more repose, no meditation, no inspirations; the familiars of the prince entered his rooms at all hours.—Every evening Leopold assembled the prettiest women of his court, gave each her part, and intrusted his chapel-master with the direction of the chorus. The concert often prolonged itself beyond midnight; and Sebastian, exhausted with fatigue, went to forget in sleep all the discordant voices which tingled in his ears. He spent the day in conversing with courtiers, and the evening in making their wives sing. Unhappy man! He had to suffer the fatuity of the one, and the false notes of the others. As we see, nothing remained to him but the morning for his labours, both of practice and of composition. How he profited by the first hours! At dawn he sat down to his harpsichord, and sang with the lark; but, alas! too soon after his first preludes, when the melody was about to reveal itself, some one knocked at his door; it was the prince who had heard him, and came in his dressing-gown to listen to his friend's inspirations. Poor Sebastian, it required your Germanic coolness, and angelic patience, not to send to all the devils him who came to disturb your paradise, and drive back into the chalice all the fresh ideas which were just commencing to display their wings! Owing to Leopold's ever-increasing affection, Sebastian could not absent himself from Gotha for a single day; and it was only at the end of four years, that by reiterated entreaties he obtained a two month's holiday to go to Hamburg, and play there on the organ. There, as everywhere else, his elevated and simple style excited admiration in the highest degree: He had chosen as the subject of his fugue the text *Super Flumina Babylonis*, which he varied for the space of an hour according to the severest laws of the science. When he had ceased playing, wiping the heat from his brow, he descended from the organ-loft, uncertain of the effect he had produced. An immense crowd awaited him at the foot of the stairs, and before the door stood old Reinken, a centenary organist, who had that day been carried to church to hear him. The worthy old man, moved to tears, approached Sebastian, and pressing his hand,—“My son,” said he, “I thought the great art dead for ever, and I am happy to see it still lives in you.”—Reinken had in his youth varied the same subject, and composed on that plain chaunt a work he valued very much, and had had engraved on copper. The praise was all the more glorious for John Sebastian. After the death of Kuhnau, in 1723, Sebastian was named musical-director at Leipsic: he kept this post to the end of his life. The death of Prince Leopold soon followed the departure of his chapel-master: Sebastian was deeply grieved by it. He wrote on this occasion a mass with double plain chaunt; and came to Gotha himself to superintend its execution. Charles Philip Emanuel, Bach's second son, entered the service of Frederick the Great, in the

year 1740. Sebastian's glory had reached the ears of the king, who manifested the desire of hearing so great an artist.

(To be continued.)

### Original Correspondence.

#### THE ART OF VOCALISING.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—Will you oblige me by informing me who Mr. Furtado is? He has published two papers in your journal, which he professes to be "The Art of Vocalising." As a singing master, I was attracted by this title, and hoped to find in the work at least one or two wholesome rules of this useful "art." Mr. Furtado, although hitherto unknown to us, talks with all the confidence of the very first vocal professor of Europe, about the store of knowledge he has laid up from observation; and we are naturally led to expect something after the preamble. But all his boasted information dwindles down to a mere assertion, that the reason why our singers are inferior to those of the continent is, because English masters are ignorant of the art of forming the voice, or, in other words, they do not possess Mr. Furtado's knowledge of "The Art of Vocalising." He then favours us with a statement of the various kinds of voice, their quality and register, and this is all that is contained in his first paper. The first assertion of Mr. Furtado I have no hesitation in pronouncing altogether untrue. The chief reason why English singers do not equal the Italians is, because, after studying a year or two, they are flattered by their friends into a belief that they are accomplished and perfect singers, and impatient to come before the public, and drink whole draughts of that flattery which they had hitherto only tasted, they bid adieu to all further study. This, I take it, is the chief reason why our singers are less finished than the Italians, and not from any want of skill on the part of the masters, many of whom seem to know much more of the formation of the voice than Mr. Furtado's papers announce him to know\* at present. But even admitting that the Italians are best acquainted with the art of forming the voice, have not most of our singers received instructions from Crivelli, Gabussi, Vaccaj, and a host of other eminent Italian masters resident in London, and have any of these (under their first-rate training) turned out *Grisis, Persians, or Rubins*?—the answer is obvious! Mr. Furtado's second piece of information, may be obtained (and in considerably better form,) in any vocal treatise extant, whether Foreign or English, and therefore renders his paper an impertinence. After having thanked Mr. Furtado in the name of our teachers for the high compliment he pays us, we hope and trust he has come to enlighten our weak understandings, (by the aid of his friend Mr. French Flowers,) and that he intends to give our *unfortunate and ignorant* vocalists the benefit of his superlative knowledge.—I waited with curiosity for his second paper upon the subject, but alas! it contained even less than the first: so I have come to the conclusion, that whoever Mr. Furtado may be, he has a much better opinion of himself, than any member of the musical world is likely to have of him, with the exception of his friend, Mr. Flowers, who is pleased to consider that his paper "appears to comprise much valuable information," from which may be inferred that Mr. Flowers' knowledge of the vocal art, is less than that which he professes of Fugue and Counterpoint. In taking leave of Mr. Furtado, let him not suppose, that because he may have obtained a *smattering* of the treatment of the voice in Italy, that there are none in England who know it as well. And I admonish him not again to insult us by offering that as genuine information, (or as Mr. Flower calls it, "*valuable information*,") which every young lady who has taken twelve lessons in singing knows quite as well as Mr. Furtado himself.

July 19th, 1846.

AN ENGLISH TEACHER OF SINGING.

\* Mr. Furtado at the end of his second paper promises to bestow upon us another, in which he intends to explain *how* the voice should be formed — *nous verrons!*

### Provincial.

BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER.—We have much pleasure in noticing a very interesting family meeting, which took place at Bourton-on-the-Water, in the adjoining county of Gloucester, on Thursday se'nnight, at the residence of Mr. Ransford, the father of our townsman of that name, and also of Mr. Edwin Ransford, the popular London vocalist. Mr. and Mrs. R. having lived to witness the jubilee of their wedding-day, they determined to invite their family, *all of whom are now living*, ten in number, to celebrate so unusual an event. Accordingly, on the above-mentioned day, Mr. and Mrs. R. found themselves surrounded by nine of their children, (the tenth being a resident in South Carolina, U.S.) each married son and daughter, having a family, bringing one child of

the festive party. Dinner being concluded, "Non nobis Domine" was sung; after which several appropriate toasts were given, and the whole proceedings passed off in a most agreeable and harmonious manner. In the course of the afternoon and evening, the bells of the parish church rang merry peals, and the village band attended, and played several pieces in front of the house. One of the musicians on this occasion also played in the band at Mr. R.'s wedding, which took place in the village half-a-century ago.—*Leamington Courier*.

BIRMINGHAM.—The programme of our approaching Musical Festival is at length complete, and we give an outline of it in another column. It will be seen that the committee have taken good advantage of one of the most valuable functions of the large and perfect band about to be assembled within the walls of our Town Hall, namely, the power of giving a more perfect development of the majestic grandeur of some of the highest class of compositions that could be attempted with success by a less numerical orchestra, (however talented,) and in a smaller room. The intended performance of Beethoven's grand mass in D, is an illustration of this fact. Last year this noble work was executed on a gigantic scale at the great meeting at Bonn, and made a most profound impression. It was pronounced by all who heard it to be the most sublime monument of the genius of its composer. The same piece, performed during the present season by the Philharmonic Society, at the Hanover Square Rooms, though admirably got up in many points, was marred by the totally inadequate size of the room. It now remains for the Birmingham Festival, with its vast congregation of executive talent, the advantages of its immense music hall, and its powerful and fine-tuned organ, at once to rival, if not eclipse, the celebrated performance at Bonn. The attraction of Mendelssohn's new oratorio, "*Elijah*," which will be conducted by the composer in person, will no doubt be great, and will be further enhanced by the principal part being sung by Herr Staudigl, who has not been heard in England during the present season. The lovely emanation of Haydn's genius, "The Creation," and Handel's sublime oratorio, "The Messiah," will form the subject of two mornings' performances. To the former will be added a selection of sacred music, in which Madame Grisi and Signori Mario and Lablache will take part; and the "Messiah" will be opened by Mr. Braham, who has still no rival near him in this one of his most effective efforts. We perceive that the evening performances will all take place at the Town Hall, instead of at the Theatre as heretofore—an arrangement that, by giving room to the entire band, will enable the symphonies and overtures to be heard to the greatest advantage. One of the most charming novelties in the evening concerts will be Mendelssohn's overture to "*The Midsummer Night's Dream*," with the *whole of the vocal music*. The most effective arias, duets, and concerted pieces have been allotted to the various vocalists, both foreign and English; and from the efficient manner in which the choir is being trained, we may expect the highest success in every department.—*Midland Counties Herald*.

LEICESTER.—It will be perceived by an advertisement in another column, that our talented young townsman, Mr. H. Nicholson, is about resuming his course of musical tuition. His well-known powers as a flautist have already very highly commended him to very flattering and favourable notice and regard. But we have reason to know that his powers on the cornet-a-piston are equal to his skill on the flute. We understand that he gives lessons on both instruments, and that those who have derived the advantage of his perceptive qualities, speak in the highest possible terms of his ability in that respect.—*Leicester Journal*.

MANCHESTER.—The Athenæum concert-room was well attended on Saturday last, to enjoy the musical treat provided by Mr. R. Andrews. Master Edward Andrews' performance of a solo on the violin, composed by Thirlwall, was marked by excellent bowing, well in tune, and in exact time. Mr. Henry Walker and Master R. Hoffman Andrews played a fantasia, piano-forte and *concertina*, which pleased exceedingly, and the latter young gentleman's solo playing on the pianoforte was marked by very great rapidity of execution. His first performance was "*Semiramide*," by Leopold de Meyer; the next was a fantasia of his own upon the popular airs from Wallace's favourite opera, "*Maritana*," a very effective performance. The concertante duet, composed by H. Herz, for two pianofortes, executed by Mr. R. Andrews and Mr. H. Walker, was well played, and warmly applauded. Mr. R. Andrews played a brilliant solo on the violin, composed by Mayseider, and also accompanied his son in Beethoven's Sonata in F. The other solo performances of Master R. Hoffman Andrews consisted of Rosellen's "*Don Pasquale*," and Thalberg's "*Huguenots*," which were much applauded. These solo pieces were played by Master Andrews without music.—*Manchester Courier*.

DUBLIN.—CARLOTTA GRISI.—On Saturday night, the ballet company, whose advent to the Theatre Royal has been so anxiously expected, made their first appearance, when the theatre was crowded in every part; standing room could not be obtained in the pit, and the dress circle and upper boxes presented a brilliant array of rank, fashion, and beauty.—After the petite comedy of the *innkeeper's Bride*, the new "grand ballet," written expressly for Carlotta Grisi, was produced. The ballet is entitled

*Le Diable à Quatre*, or the *Devil to Pay*. In the second scene, which introduces us to Mazourki, the basket-maker, (Mons. Berthier), and his wife Mazourka (Mlle Carlotta Grisi), nothing could be more animated and graceful than the acting of Carlotta Grisi: and when at last she catches her husband at the bottle, and flinging away her osiers, declares the truce at an end, beginning to dance with irrepressible delight, the spectator in spite of himself forgets that it is a mimic scene he witnesses, and enters with all his heart into the joyousness that positively flashes forth from those twinkling steps. In the *boudoir* of the chateau, also when the transformation has been effected, the basket-maker's wife appearing in the place of the countess, Carlotta Grisi was all gentleness, good nature, and sweetness; she acted with delightful *naïveté*, and though to the full she put on the veritable seeming of a country girl in noble attire for the first time, not one trait was exaggerated; and the admirable artist, in this one scene alone, proved that she possessed that rare attribute the *ars celare artem*. To conclude, Carlotta Grisi's dancing is incomparably beautiful. She occasionally introduces a number of tiny twinkling steps, performed with such rapidity that her feet appear absolutely flashing, and yet she does all these, no matter how difficult from their astonishing complication, with so much ease, that they appear the natural movements prompted by her mind's liveliness. She was received and her performance accompanied with the loudest plaudits; and in the *pas de deux* in the last act, in which she was accompanied by Mons. Silvain, the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. Mons. Silvain, who was received on his first appearance with a burst of applause, proving that his many friends had not forgotten him, played the part of the Count with his wonted care, his pantomime being expressive but not overdone; and his bearing, even when most provoked by the Countess's anger, that of a highly bred gentleman. His dancing of his portion of the *pas de deux* with Carlotta Grisi was distinguished by ease, grace, and elegance, and received, as it deserved, the warmest plaudits of the beholders. Mlle. Louise is an actress of great talent. Her performance while in the basket-maker's dwelling was quite true to nature, and her fears of the cane gradually conquering her anger, while ever and anon, a burst of irrepressible fury would break forth, were admirably simulated. We must reserve our opinion of her as a *dansseuse* until we have an opportunity of seeing her again, as her exertions in this ballet are confined to pantomime. Mlle. Adele is a young but very accomplished *dansseuse*, graceful, light, and agile, with a prepossessing countenance and neat figure. Her *pas* with Mons. Adrien was loudly and very deservedly applauded, and, indeed, her dancing all through the ballet won much approbation. Messrs. Berthier and Adrien are clever artistes, and Mr. F. Cooke's dancing master was worthy of the inimitable Wieland. At the fall of the curtain Mlle. Carlotta Grisi and Mons. Silvain were loudly called for, when the entire company made their appearance, and bowed their acknowledgments. The ballet was triumphant, and Dublin is ringing with Carlotta Grisi's praises—her beauty and her talent having produced an equal sensation. Mr. Conran acted as conductor with his accustomed ability. —*Sanders' News*, July 20.

### A Retrospective Glance.

(Continued from our last.)

ON Monday, the 15th of June, the great monster concert, into which as into one focus of attraction the attractions of all the other monster concerts were concentrated—the concert of Mr. BENEDICT, took place. As there is not in this country a more popular artist, or one more deserving of popularity than Mr. Benedict, it gave us real pleasure to behold the animated and brilliant spectacle presented by the concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre. Densely packed were the fashionably-attired visitors; on every countenance animation and expectation of pleasure to come were depicted vividly—from the roof to the base of the room was one mass of living beings who had come to Benedict's concert to hear every artist of note that the metropolis possessed at the very height of the season. The concert was divided into three parts—in all there were forty-four pieces of vocal and instrumental music, which were performed by the following artists, whose names we have copied promiscuously as they occurred in the programme:—The Messrs. Distin (sax-horns), Mlle De Rupplin, Mad. and Sig. F. Lablache, Sig. Brizzi, Miss Birch, Her Pischek (vocalists), M. Lavigne (oboe), Mad. Sanebioli, Mlle Corbari, Signor Corelli, Miss Bassano (vocalists), M. L. Scholz (guitar), Mad. Castellan, and

Miss Dolby (vocalists), Signor Puzzi (horn), Signor Marras Mdlle. Vera, Sig. R. Costa, Miss Rainforth, Herr and Madame Knispel, Sig. Ciabatta, Herr Hoelzel, and Madame Anna Thillon (vocalists), Madame Pleyel and Mr. Benedict (pianists), Mr. Parish Alvars (harp), Signori Lablache and Fornasari, Madame de Montenegro (vocalists), M.M. Kellermann, Piatti, Hausmann, and Rousselot (violoncellists), Sig. Sivori and M. Vieuxtemps (violinists), and M.M. Jules de Glimes, Pilotti, Vincent Wallace and Benedict, (conductors). A clever and effective duet for two pianos, the composition of Benedict, and executed by himself and the accomplished Madame Pleyel—Kalkbrenner's "*Il Pirata*," for piano solo, performed by Madame Pleyel—two violin solos by Sivori and Vieuxtemps, and a duet for the two together—an oboe fantasia by M. Lavigne—"Bitte," and "Piraten lied," two characteristic and charming *lieder*, by Benedict, sung by Pischek—a beautiful duet from Benedict's "*Crusaders*," done into Italian under the title of "*Dolce amica*," by Madame Castellan and Mdlle. Vera—Rousselot's graceful romance for four violoncellos, by Piatti, Kellermann, Hausmann, and the composer—two duets of Mercadante and Mendelssohn, by Madame Castellan and Miss Dolby, and Miss Rainforth and Miss Dolby—Schubert's "*Ave Maria*," by Miss Bassano—the *Tarantella*, by Lablache—an English ballad, by Madame F. Lablache—an air from the Earl of Westmoreland's "*Il Torneo*," by Signor Brizzi, &c., &c., &c., were among the gems of the concert, to describe which, in detail, would altogether exceed our limits. Suffice it, that the programme gave unanimous satisfaction, and though not over till nearly seven o'clock, the majority of the visitors remained to the end.

SIGNOR EMILIANI, the violinist, gave a *matinée musicale*, in the Harley-street Rooms, on Saturday, June 27th, to a crowded and fashionable audience, assisted by Mdlles. Vera, De Rupplin and Lang, Mad. Claire Hennelle, Signori Corelli and Ciabatta, vocalists—Mr. Benedict and Signor Gabussi at the pianoforte. Signor Emiliani is a very accomplished and elegant violinist, and, moreover, an excellent musician; his performance of Ernst's pathetic *Elegie* was distinguished by a purity of expression, profound feeling, and perfect intonation worthy the author of the composition. A brilliant duet with Mr. Benedict for violin and piano, admirably executed by both performers, and a *recitative* and *air varié*, addressing itself particularly to the mechanical difficulties of the instrument, proclaimed Signor Emiliani to be equally an adept in the opposite school of execution. He was loudly applauded in all these pieces, and his concert gave unequivocal satisfaction.

ON Wednesday evening, July 1st, a charming and talented young pianist, Miss JUDINE, gave a grand evening concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, before an audience unusually numerous and brilliant. Miss Judine, with the taste of a true artist, provided herself with a full orchestra, which had the advantage of being conducted by Mr. Moscheles, and led by Mr. Willy. Miss Judine is a pupil of Mr. Moscheles, and it will be remembered she debuted last year in the same locale, with great success, in the C minor concerto of Beethoven. On this occasion she showed that a year's study had only confirmed her in her exalted taste, and her first essay was the magnificent concerto in E flat of the same composer, in the interpretation of which the young pianist evinced a fund of enthusiasm and graceful expression, united to a brilliant execution, and what was best of all a thorough comprehension of the author. She was unanimously applauded after each movement, and at the end of the concerto was cheered loudly by the whole room. Miss Judine's next performance was the sonata for violin and piano in F major—Beethoven again—in which she had the advantage of being

aided by the magnificent talent of Camillo Sivori, who played with his accustomed intensity and faultless mechanism. Miss Judine, nothing daunted by the companionship of so great an artist as Sivori, seemed rather inspired with more than usual confidence, and accomplished her part of the sonata to perfection, imparting to each movement its appropriate character, and executing the passages with the utmost elegance and neatness. The third effort of the young artist was a MS. grand fantasia, on themes from *I Lombardi*, and *Don Pasquale*, composed for her by her distinguished instructor Mr. Moscheles. This clever and brilliant composition, in which Mr. Moscheles has admirably availed himself of the peculiarities of the modern school of pianism, was performed by Miss Judine in first-rate style: her delicate touch, round tone, and unerring execution, combined with a taste at once elegant and irreproachable to render her performance both intellectually and mechanically one of high attraction. She was applauded with enthusiasm. We have great hopes of this charming young performer; and if her promise be not nipped in the bud by the eager homage which her friends and admirers naturally lavish upon her—if she continue to persevere and labor hard—if she follow the example of her great master, and regard her art as a thing to be worshipped and followed up with unremitting zeal, rather than as a bauble for amusement—her natural facility and evident good taste, cannot fail of ultimately placing her at the very head of her profession. We say to her with sincerity, go on and prosper, and our voice shall never be wanting to encourage, or if necessary, to admonish. The other attractions of the concert were of the best order, involving the vocal talents of the fascinating Mad. Anna Thillon, Mad. Caradori Allan, Mad. Macfarren, (who sang Mozart's "*Dove sono*," with intense feeling,) Mad. Claire Hennelle, Miss M. B. Hawes, Herr and Mdle. Goldberg, Mr. F. Bodda, Sig. Alfredi, Herr Kellermann, (violinello), Herr Godeffroid, (harp,) who was loudly encored in his "*H Carnovolo di Venezia*," Mr. L. Moss, (melodium) who accompanied the clever Mad. Hennelle, in Adam's cantique, "*Noel*," and M. Jules de Glimes, accompanist at the piano. We have omitted to mention the fine performance of Thalberg's *Norma* duet, for two pianos, by Mdle. Judine, and Mr. Moscheles, which was received with acclamations by the whole room. The concert was, altogether, one of the best of the season.

(To be continued in our next.)

### Miscellaneous.

MADAME PLEYEL.—(*Morning Herald*, July 20th.)—This celebrated pianist, whose brilliant successes in England, during the season just expired, have been almost unprecedented, left London on Wednesday, the 15th instant, to return to Brussels. Madame Pleyel *debüté* before a British audience at the concert of the Dublin Philharmonic Society on Wednesday, the 13th of May, when she achieved quite a triumph. Shortly after, she experienced a similar reception at the concert of the Manchester Philharmonic, on Tuesday, June 9th. During the London season, Madame Pleyel gave three "Recitals,"—on Monday, May 18th, Thursday, June 4th, and Wednesday, June 24th, to overflowing audiences. Besides this, she performed at the monster concert of Mr. Benedict, (June 15th), the farewell concert of Mr. Moscheles, (June 17th), the concert of Madame Sala, (June 22nd), the concert of Mr. Ella Director of the Musical Union, (June 23rd,) at the eighth and last Philharmonic concert, (June 29th,) at the Seventh Meeting of the Musical Union, (June 30th,) and, finally, at

the concert of the Musical World, (Wednesday, July 8th.) Of her successes on all these occasions, and of the characteristics of her splendid talent, we have already rendered full account. Madame Pleyel will pay Paris a visit in the winter, and thence return to London, where her second season will, doubtless, be as brilliant as her first.

THE PAS DES DEESSES.—Terpsichore has once more lifted up her foot to high purpose in the precincts of the opera. On Thursday night, at the benefit of Perrot, after the *Puritani*, in which Grisi, Lablache, and Mario won their accustomed ovations, the long promised *Pas des déesses* was effectually danced. The curtain uplifted, behold a mythic scene, in which figured the gods in a celestial balcony, looking at the wrestle of the three divinities, Pallas, Juno, and Venus for the prize of personal beauty, and the favor of the youth, Paris. But the strife of our goddesses was consummated in pirouettes—she who danced best and nimblest was to have the apple. The impersonations were as follows:—Pallas, Lucile Grahne—Venus, Cerito—Juno, Taglioni. Our exquisite cotemporary, the *Chronicle*, bursting with the poetic *afflatus*, mistakes the attributes of the Goddesses, and dubs Pallas Juno, Juno Venus, Venus Pallas—unconvinced by the shield of the brain-born queen of wisdom, the *ceinture* of the queen of beauty, and the look authoritative of Jove's haughty consort. Cerito, saith the pundit, "has the *beauté du diable*, that of youth and ELASTICITY"! Oh incomparable Solomon! But to speak of the Terpsichorean contest—after a *pas d'ensemble* in which were mingled graces, fauns, nymphs, satyrs, &c., &c., in charming confusion, came Lucile Grahne, bounding as though the ground, offended at her contact cast her off into the air; in three strides she circled the stage, amidst the cheers of the lookers on. Then came Cerito, who, swift as an ostrich, comely as an antelope, flew across the scene in bounds less ample, but more brisk—in five strides did she encompass the circumference. Lastly came Taglioni, in all the majesty of conscious power—less impetuous was she than her younger sisters of the dance, but there was a quiet dignity, an innate grace, that sat upon her as a glory. Cheer followed cheer, the house resounded with the plaudits till the whole building trembled. Every palm clapped, every head acted with pleasure, every neck was outstretched eagerly. Anon, Cerito, in one of those displays of elasticity and facile motion for which she is distinguished, won an encore, and a shower of garlands and bouquets—then the three, Taglioni, Grahne, Cerito, with St. Leon in the rear, by a series of bounds that made the eye ache to see, wrested a similar mark of approval—subsequently Taglioni, and finally Lucile Grahne were honoured in like manner, for displays of physical agility, tempered by poetical grace, in which they know so well how to excel. Then a *melee*, in which Perrot performed miracles, and St. Leon achieved impossibilities, and Louise Taglioni strove her utmost, not unsuccessfully, to make her small star shine among such glorious luminaries. Then more *pas seuls*, and *pas de deux*, and *de trois*, *de quatre*, *de cinq*, and what not, in infinite diversity of gyration, in endless monotony of unfix-edness, in incredible feats of celerity and strength and moving beauty—the whole a scene of marvellous bustle and excitement. But behind all, while the joyous troop moved on, while the applause rang through the house, there seemed, as behind a cloud, a soft vision of a female form, that flitted here and there, invisible though perceptible to the sight—a something wanting that was present but not present—an element that should make the whole complete, and leave no pang of regret to leaven the extasy of delight. What this vision was needs no soothsayer to interpret—what could it be but the ghost of one absent who should have been foremost in the whirling throng—CARLOTTA GRISI, the lost

pleiad, the one serene and unapproached star, who in the mazes of the intricate dance, moved as a shadow of the glories that were there, but a shadow more beautiful than the actual visible objects that reeled before the gaze. Yes, Carlotta! Many an eye looked for thee in vain—many a heart yearned for thy fair presence—thou wert wanting to complete this brilliant scene, to soften it with the mild lustre of thy quiet, unobtrusive presence. But the faithful saw thy shadow there. Without thee, the *PAS DE QUATRE* must still remain unrivalled, and the *Pas des Déesses* be a secondary theme for praise. Yet it is a consolation that thou canst not long be absent—the very walls of the opera-house yearn for thy return. But for the thoughts of the absent one, this *Pas des Déesses* was a triumph of art, and an unparalleled success. At all events, it was the hit of the season, and will draw crowds of new comers to her Majesty's Theatre. At the end, Cerito, Lucile Grah, Taglioni, Louise Taglioni, Perrot, and St. Leon, were recalled, and a wreath was placed upon the brows of Perrot, the inventor.

MISS RAINFORTH and Miss Kate Loder have been unanimously elected associates of the Philharmonic Society.

SURREY THEATRE.—The benefit of Mr. Donald King took place on Saturday last, when Auber's opera of "*Fra Diavolo*" was performed. The principal characters were sustained by Messrs. Donald King, Weiss, Horncastle, and Clement White. The ladies were Messdms. Albertazzi and Betts. After the opera there was a concert—in which the operatic company of the theatre, together with Miss Clara Hensell and the Misses Smith, who were honoured with encores in both their duets, and a double encore in the latter, took part, the whole passing off very agreeably. Mr. E. J. Loder, the eminent composer, and director of the orchestra at the theatre, officiated as conductor.

JULLIEN.—This celebrated *chef d'orchestra*, will visit Manchester this evening. The ordinary provincial band, though in itself excellent, will be strengthened by several members of the splendid orchestra so well known to the visitors of M. Jullien's London concerts. We have not seen the programme, but have no doubt of its being worthy of the great popularity of the projector.

MRS. BISHOP.—A definitive engagement has been concluded by the management of Drury Lane Theatre, for three months, with this well known vocalist. The forth-coming season will commence with the attractive novelty of her performances. Mrs. Bishop will appear in Balfe's popular opera, *The Maid of Artois*, which has been in great part remodelled by the composer, in order to suit the high *soprano* of the fair vocalist, who will assume the part which belonged to Malibran. A new *cavatina*, a new ballad, and other *morceaux* have been written expressly for her. An opera, by Mr. Lavenue, and the new opera about which Mr. Vincent Wallace is at present engaged, will both be produced after Christmas, and in each of them Mrs. Bishop will sustain prominent characters. A private hearing has satisfied us of Mrs. Bishop's capabilities to undertake the highest position among our dramatic vocalists. Her improvement since she left England is remarkable. Her execution is now brilliant and polished, her intonation perfect, her enunciation clear and distinct, and her style graceful, energetic, and passionate. If report speaks truly, Mrs. Bishop can also boast rare histrionic powers; so that she is likely to prove a great card for Mr. Bunn's next season.—*Morning Post*.

JULLIEN'S BAL MASQUE.—Reader, you must go to the Thousand and One Nights of the Arabian Princess, if you wish for anything like a description of the recent *bal masqué* of M. Jullien. On entering the arena, our eyes were fairly dazzled by excess of light. As soon as our vision became accustomed

to this super-lustrousness, and we had power to observe the appearance of the *salle*, our other senses, alternately, were lost in the contemplation of the luxuries that entertained them. We have said that *sight* was dazzled by the scene—equally, then, was *hearing* enchanted by the ravishing strains that proceeded from M. Jullien's orchestra, which roared as from a thousand throats, vibrated as from a thousand strings, and whistled as from a thousand tubes, the eight-barred "melodies" with which M. Jullien's fancy has deluged the world of Terpsichore. Equally was *taste* satiated by the endless and incomparable dainties with which M. Jullien, Apicius-like, had made the tables groan—banqueting his visitors as sumptuously and as curiously as Trimalchio his guests, in the *Satiricon* of Petronius Arbiter. Equally was *touch* ravished by the contact of the velvet seats, the silken curtains, the satin robes that brushed us as they passed us by, enveloping some fitting vision. Equally was *smell* intoxicated by the odour of *Cologne*, and lavender, and musk, and *eau de rose*, and *eau de everything* that was agreeable, making the air so heavy with the clouds of sweet perfume that it was a pleasant pain to bear it. This revel of the senses, this *orgie* of delights was endured and endurable for six short hours, that to the visitors flew away too quickly, borrowing the wings of minutes. To describe the *ensemble* were utterly impossible. Never was *Bal Masqué* in Paris, in Vienna, in Rome, Venice, Naples, or Madrid, so brilliant and so animated. To number the guests were to count the stars that make up the countless infinity of the *via lactea*—to paint their costumes in appropriate apostrophe, were to call the aid of every word and phrase that poetry or eloquent prose has used in glowing image from time immemorial. All the colors, and all the modifications of colors, that the cunningest limner, who would fain outdo the rainbow—or like Turner, represent the chaos of tints before color had classed itself into individuals—would scarcely paint the poly-hued motley of the animated group, that whirled and whirled before the eye until the senses ached again, and the power of vision, by staring, became multiplied into agonizing exaggeration. We, who had issued quietly from the sober greyness of our study, could scarcely endure the gorgeous vision, in which the colors held as it were a festival, and drunk with excess reeled and staggered in the delirium of their orgy. It was indeed a magic delusion, a kaleidoscope in which a million forms danced in disorganized delight; but the great charm was the courteous demeanor, that marked all the evening's proceedings—Decorum, with his wand of office, stalked through the scene, and saw that no glimpse of coarseness or impropriety disturbed the guests, and turned what was a harmless revel into a shameless riot. At last the sun glanced fiercely through the outer windows, and his long rays marched right up the corridors, through the dark passages and inner chambers, till they reached the festive scene, and shamed the revellers at their merriment. "Black browed night" had disappeared, and day walked freshly in amongst the company, who slunk home stealthily in silent groups—vainly hoping to conceal their gaudy trappings from the early riser, who swallowed the morning air as he went blithely to his daily labour, casting a glance half pity, half disdain, at the tired masquer as he slowly wended his way to his patient bed. Long before this the king of the revels, the great Jullien, had vanished, and a pale-faced son of night wielded the *baton* in his stead—until, fatigued with his office, he stole away. The music ceased to vibrate, and Echo itself, the latest watcher, fell asleep and snored.

FLORA FABBRI.—This popular dancer is re-engaged for Drury Lane, and her appearance in a new ballet will form one of the first novelties of the season.

**MADLE. ERNESTA GRISI.**—This agreeable and popular vocalist has announced her benefit at the St. James's Theatre, by permission of Mr. Mitchell, for Tuesday, August 4th. In addition to other entertainments of great interest, Carlotta Grisi, sister of the *beneficiaire* will appear in a *ballet diversissement*. As this may be the only opportunity of seeing and admiring the charming Queen of the Dance in London during the present season, we have little doubt but that the elegant little theatre in St. James' will be filled to the roof with visitors, eager to pay homage to her graceful and inimitable talent. We shall announce further particulars of the benefit of Madlle. Ernesta Grisi, as soon as they are made public.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—The annual examinations of the pupils of this institution took place on Tuesday and Thursday, the 14th and 16th inst. The progress and general talent of the pupils was found highly satisfactory to Messrs. Ciprani Potter, Goss and Sterndale Bennett, who constituted the board of Examiners. The Midsummer vacation has now commenced, and the Academy will re-open on Saturday, the 1st of August.

**"MUSICAL WORLD" CONCERT.**—The concert given by the proprietors of the *Musical World* was the best performance altogether of the season. First and foremost there was Madame Pleyel, who performed sonatas on the pianoforte, by Beethoven, with Sivori and Vieuxtemps (violin) in the first style of excellence. She also played a fantasia, by Kalkbrenner, in a marvellous manner; and, on being encored, she gave the Tarantella, which quite enraptured the company, whose applause was both universal and continuous; which the highly-gifted pianiste acknowledged in a manner that evidently showed how much she was gratified. Moscheles played a pianoforte concerto by Sebastian Bach, with accompaniments, in a masterly manner, and was loudly encored in the finale; the character of the music was totally different from that which we are in the daily habit of hearing, and it was highly relished by the admirers of the old school. A quartet for four violoncellos, by Rousselot, was performed by Piatti, Casella, Hausmann, and the composer, and greatly admired, as was also Beethoven's No. 9 Quartet, performed in the first style of excellence by Sainton, Sivori, Hill, and Rousselot. Madame Thillon sang Mozart's *Non Temere*, accompanied by Lindsay Sloper; and Miss Dolby gave the same composer's "Resta O Cara," accompanied by Benedict, admirably; she also sang a very clever song from the Vocal illustrations of Shelley, composed by J. W. Davison, which was loudly encored. Miss Bassano sang a charming song by the same composer, "False friend," words by Shelley; and the Misses Williams were highly successful in a duet by Henry Smart, as was Madame Macfarren in an Italian aria, by her talented caro sposo. From what has been said, it may be gathered that the *Musical World* concert wound up the season most gloriously.—*Bath Herald*.

**HANOVER SQUARE.**—On Wednesday morning a concert was given at the Hanover Square Rooms, by Miss Maria Van Millingen, and Madlle. Louise Scheibel. Miss Van Millingen sang Meyerbeer's *Robert, toi que j'aime*, very effectively, likewise a song of Auber's "Bright dreams of childhood." The latter obtained an encore. Madlle. Louise Scheibel performed solos by Thalberg and Rosellen. She plays exceedingly well, and, as we are informed by the programme she is only ten years of age, we may reasonably predict that she will eventually be a pianist of considerable power. The *beneficiaires* were supported by Misses L. Stoepel, Louisa Corbani, Miss Esther, Van Millingen, Miss Sara Flower, and Signor Corelli—Instrumentalists—Madame Jourdan (harp), Monsieur J. Stoepel, Herr Koenig, Signor Piatti, and Sig. Sivori. Conductors, M. Benedict and Sig. Lanza.

Among the performances most worthy of note were the *solos* for violin and violoncello, in which the splendid talents of Signor Sivori and Signor Piatti were developed with their accustomed perfection, and applauded with the usual warmth and unanimity. M. Stoepel exercised his musical enthusiasm upon an instrument of novel structure and singular nomenclature, the *Kilocordion*, appropriately described in the bills as a "curious instrument of wood and straw." It is certainly a very curious instrument; but we doubt whether the curiosity of connoisseurs will call it so effectually out of the obscurity in which it has hitherto been muffled, as to render it hereafter a matter of curiosity to curious historians; still it is a curious instrument.

**MR. CARD**, the well-known flautist, has been recently elected a member of the Philharmonic Society.

**VIEUXTEMPS.**—This admirable violinist has left London for a month's tour in the provinces, with the enterprising Jullien; he will return to London at the expiration of his engagement, previous to setting out for St. Petersburg, where the high post he is appointed to occupy in the Autocrat's household will detain him all the winter.

**HALEVY's opera, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine***, has attained its eightieth representation at the *Opera Comique*, in Paris.

**MRS. BISHOP** will make her first appearance at Drury Lane in Balfe's *Maid of Artois*, which the composer is re-writing. She will then appear in a new opera, by Mr. Lavenu, and subsequently in an opera about which Mr. Vincent Wallace is now busily engaged.

**MADAME GRISI**, Mario, F. Lablache, Benedict, and John Parry, will make a provincial tour when Her Majesty's Theatre closes. Madame Castellan, Marras, Fornasari, and others, will give concerts at several places in the country, and pay Ireland and Scotland a visit.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.**—The Committee for the ensuing year are, Messrs. Banister, Macfarren, Clinton, Stephens, J. W. Davison, Gattie, Lockey, Thirlwall, and C. Horsley.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The directors for the ensuing year are, Messrs. Anderson, Lucas, Calkin, Howell, T. Cooke, Elliott, and J. B. Chatterton. A piece of plate, value £50., has been voted to Mr. Anderson, in consideration of his indefatigable services as Honorary Secretary for many years.

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